

## WE'VE DRANK FROM THE SAME CANTEN.

BY MILES C. HILLY, EDITOR OF "NEW YORK CITIZEN."

There are boys of all sorts in this world of ours, of various friendships, and of various flowers, and true lovers' knots, I mean. The boys and girls are bound by a kin, but there's never a bond like this: We've drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, my soldier friend, The same canteen; There's never a bond like this: We've drank from the same canteen.

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk, Sometimes apple-jack, fine as silk; But whatever the liquid had been, We shared it together in love or in pain, And I want to you, friend, when I think of this: We've drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc. The rich and the great sit down to dine, And quaff to each other in sparkling wine, From glasses of crystal and green; But I guess in their golden palaces they miss, The warmth of regard to be found in this: We've drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc. We've shared our blankets and tents together, And marched and fought and made it weather; And hungry and full we've been; Had days of battle and days of rest, But this memory I cling to and love the best: We've drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc. For when wounded I lay on the outer slope, With my blood flowing fast; and but little hope On which my faint spirit might lean; Of then I remember you crawled to my side, And bleeding so fast, it seemed both must have died, We drank from the same canteen.

CHORUS—The same canteen, etc.

## A WOMAN'S NO.

had a parcel, small and round, One lovely afternoon last summer; I offered, as in duty bound, To take it from her.

She thanked me with a gracious smile, As sweet as any rose could make it; It was so small, 'twas not worth while To let me take it.

Again I offered, as before, Of that slight burden to relieve her; She'd rather not: "Pray say no more!" 'Twould really grieve her.

I ceased to plead; she seemed content, The thing was small and not very corded, And so along our way we went To where she boarded.

But when upon the steps she stood, And ere our last adieu was uttered, She eyed me in a rueful mood, And softly muttered:

As swung the door to let her through, And let me take my parcel, I thought, "I don't think very much of you For not insisting!"

—The Century.

## How Kate Won a Mate.

She came to our far-away, quiet mountain-flanked village in early summer, and, stopping first at the hotel, she registered her name as Kate Burbank, of New York. She might have been twenty-two—not more than that—and was very pretty.

But she did not remain long at the hotel. She brought letters of recommendation to the rector of our parish, and was soon admitted as a member of his family. She was an orphan without brother or sister. She possessed property enough to support her in a humble way, until she could turn her hand to some profitable and pleasant employment.

Toward the end of July the rector's nephew, Arthur Grafton, came on a visit. He had graduated at college, studied law and had been admitted to the bar, and now, before commencing practice, he had come to the mountain village for recreation. He was twenty-four years of age, tall, strong, and robust, the very picture of manly health.

Certainly Arthur Grafton had never before met a woman in his life like this woman. How bright and joyous were the days, how sweet and enjoyable were the evenings! Arthur resolved that he would know his fate. He looked the matter squarely in the face, and made his calculations. In September he was to enter his office in New York, and influential friends had promised to assist him in business. He knew he would succeed. Within a year he would be able to support a wife. If Kate would have him and wait a year he would work with a will. He would speak before another night shut in upon him.

Before that night came, Arthur and Kate in their rambling met Charles Dabney, of New York. Dabney had been Arthur's classmate in college. Kate's hand trembled on her companion's arm, and as he advanced to speak with his friend she turned away and waited for him until he came back.

"Dear old Charlie!" he said. "We were chums in college. I must run over to the hotel and see him after tea." After tea Arthur went over to the hotel as he had promised. A brief interchange of fraternal greetings, and then Dabney burst forth:

"Look here, old fellow, how in the name of wonder did you manage to get the heiress under wing?"

"The heiress?" repeated Arthur wonderingly.

"Aye—Miss Cornelissen—the lady you were with this afternoon. She didn't recognize me, though I am sure she knew me."

"Miss Cornelissen!" echoed our hero. What do you mean, Charlie? You have mistaken the person. The lady you saw in my company this afternoon, was Miss Kate Burbank, of New York, an orphan whom friends commended to my uncle, the rector."

Charles Dabney drew a long breath, and then whistled.

"Forgive me, Art. Perhaps I've put my foot in it; but it can't be helped now. I will tell you the truth, and you may govern yourself accordingly. It may be well that you should be on your guard. Her mother's maiden name was Burbank. Miss Kate Burbank Cornelissen was the lady I saw upon your arm. Her father was Hendrick Cornelissen, the old East India trader and ship-owner, who died four years ago; leaving his only child heiress to three millions. A year ago she came into full possession, and she has fled to this secluded nook to escape the sycophants and nodules that beset her on every hand. I understand now."

Arthur Grafton returned to the rectory in a daze. He knew that Dabney had told him the truth. On the following morning, as Kate looked out from her chamber window, she saw Arthur walking in the garden. His step was slow and dragging, his head was bent, and his hands were folded behind him. Certainly he looked far from happy. When she came down into the little sitting room where the piano was, she found the rector and his wife there, looking strangely uncomfortable and perplexed. "Something has happened—won't

know what," said Mr. Edgerton, in answer to her earnest questionings. "Arthur is going back to New York at once—he says to-day."

"But I thought he was to stay until September."

"So he had planned, but something has changed him," said Mr. Edgerton. A great weight sunk into Kate's heart, and a choking was in her throat. She turned away and thought. Arthur had discovered her secret, and was afraid of her. But, had she gained his heart? And, if so, should she lose him? Should she, without one struggle, surrender the only promise of joy, true and pure, that had entered her life since her father died?

Arthur Grafton, standing beneath a drooping elm, himself also drooping, felt a light touch upon his arm.

He turned and looked into the sweet, earnest face of the beautiful being who had been occupying all his thoughts.

"Arthur, your uncle tells me that you think of leaving us," she spoke with a calmness that cost her a mighty effort.

"Yes," he answered in a voice that sounded hollow and distant.

She stood back and looked at him with prayerful earnestness.

"Arthur, will you answer a few questions truly and frankly?"

"Yes," he answered.

"If you had not met Charles Dabney yesterday, the thought of leaving us to-day would not once have entered your mind?"

He hesitated and considered. Surely it would be honorable to answer with the simple truth.

"It would not," he said.

"Charles Dabney told you who my father was?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And that my family name was Cornelissen?"

"Yes," he answered.

"And he told you that I was very, very wealthy in the possession of money?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Arthur, in the great city I was hunted for my wealth. I grew sick and tired of the dreadful infidelity, and resolved to escape into a purer atmosphere, and, if possible, leave all trace of my poor wealth behind me. Good friends fully appreciating my purpose, assisted me. Dropping my well known family name, I came hither, recommended chiefly by one who had been your uncle's college mate in other years. And here I found peace and sweet content. By and by you came to share the life with me. Never mind how I discovered it, but the knowledge came to me that you were a true and noble man. And soon—soon—I believed you loved me. My heart bounded with gladness when I thought that a true, strong and generous man had fallen in love with poor, simple Kate Burbank. Can you doubt whether my own heart was tender?"

"Arthur, I love you with my whole heart. If you love me as I had hoped, you shall not go away from me. I will not lose my brightness of life for the lack of a few honest words."

In a moment more she was gathered in the strong, sheltering embrace of a man who could not speak for joy.

## Maine's Berries.

The canning factories are now under full blast, taking care of the large quantities of berries which this season has given the people of Maine. Although the great abundance has made prices low, yet it has not taken away all the profit, judging by the pocket money reported to have been earned in picking. One woman, in a berry-producing part of the state, is said to have gathered about six hundred quarts, for which she has received nearly \$50. This being a business which requires no capital except a strong back and clothes to be old to be injured by thorns and briars, is engaged in by everybody, and the stories of the wonderful feats of octogenarians in this line would be almost beyond belief were it not for the wide reputation which Maine's old people have acquired for enterprise and endurance. Thirty or forty quarts of berries in half a day seems to be a common record, judging by the newspaper reports, and, although these berries are now nearly all gathered, the buckberry is taking their place, so that the blue color that a large portion of Maine assumes for a few weeks each summer is not yet faded, the stewing and preserving is still going on, and the visitor who goes out to tea next December will stand the best chance of being treated to a dish of sauce of Maine's favorite color. —Levi's Journal.

## Secretary Whitney's Experiment.

Secretary of the Navy Whitney is an old New Yorker, and so familiar with the city's characteristics. He stood in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue hotel in light conversation with the Secretary of the Interior Lamar, and the topic of conversation was a confidence robbery that had been perpetrated upon a guest of the house that day.

Whitney maintained that while some men were astonishingly glib, the majority were unreasonably cautious. "To illustrate my point," he said, "let my young friend Joe Barnard, here, offer to give a \$10 bill for \$1, and not a man in this corridor will accept the offer."

The experiment was at once made. Joe was a good-looking, well-dressed fellow, with nothing in his aspect to suggest roguery.

Whitney handed a crisp new \$10 note to him, and he set out on his round.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he remarked politely to Gen. Dan Sickles, who was stumping round on a leg and a crutch, "but will you please give me the \$1 for this \$10?"

Sickles' eyes that its genuineness ought to have been visible.

A half sarcastic, half angry grin came over the general's face, but he declined to reply, and contemptuously turned away.

The proffer was soberly made to nine men, none being a witness to the other's refusal, and every time with the same result. Nobody would buy \$10 with \$1. All decided on the spur of the moment that they were the objects of a swindler's attention.

The endangered note came safely back to Whitney, and the group laughed over its adventure—save Sickles, who was called in to be teased for letting so good a bargain slip.

Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon, of California, has been admitted to the practice before the United States supreme court. She is the second woman to be allowed this privilege, the first being Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who was admitted in March, 1879.

## BASE-BALL IN '44.

The Governor of Maine Makes up a Nine Against a Lumberman.

Bangor White. The playing of round ball, as the game was formerly called, but since changed to base ball, was, in 1844, much in vogue, and was an exhilarating and agreeable amusement, particularly health invigorating to men of sedentary habits.

Sometimes during that season a discussion arose between Samuel Cony, afterward governor of the state, and Samuel L. Hunt, a distinguished lumberman upon the Penobscot, in regard to their respective merits; in the game, which resulted in an agreement to play a match game, each to select their crew from the neighborhood, and play a game of fifty scores upon the Wadleigh field, on the side of the Pushaw road, all questions arising in the game to be settled by H. M. Woodman, referee, who, although one of the most accomplished players, was not able to take part in the game from indisposition.

The forfeit was to be a supper at the Wadleigh house, to be gotten up in Mrs. H. N. West's best style, to be paid for by the losing party.

On a certain fair, beautiful October day the parties assembled on Wadleigh field. Lorenzo Leadbetter was catcher on one side and John Gordon upon the other, and upon tossing up for first inning Hunt won.

The game went on with varied success during the whole afternoon, until it had become so dark as to necessitate the stopping of the play, the score at that time standing:

Hunt, 45, with the advantage of being in.

Supper was ready and could not be postponed to another day, and it was not proper to partake of it until the game was concluded.

In this dilemma the expedient was adopted of finishing the game by pitching coppers, and it was agreed by all hands that Cony and Hunt, in company with the referee, should retire to a private room and proceed to pitch.

Cony having the inning was to commence, and every head that was turned up was to count a score in the game, but so soon as a tail turned up the party pitching was to go out.

The game went on with alternating hopes and fears, until Hunt went out, having turned four heads, making his score forty-nine, and Cony, being in, succeeded in turning his tenth head, bringing his score up to fifty, thus winning the game and the supper.

The meal was partaken of with that relish which only men can appreciate who have waited long, and have passed the time in active exercise.

After the viands had been fully dispensed and the appetites of all completely satisfied the referee made his report, declaring that the Cony party had won the game, but with a margin so small as to be no discredit to the losing party, who were to be equally complimented for their brilliant playing.

Hunt, in response, accepting the situation, consoled himself and friends by saying that his party beat in the field, but when he came to pitching coppers he came in contact with a blackleg who was better posted and more skillful than himself, and it was to that unfortunate circumstance that he had the misfortune to lose the game.

A Free Passes for Legislators.

A telegraph Frank is said to be worth on an average \$500 a year to each recipient. They are charily reserved for congressmen and such high functionaries as can serve or most annoy the telegraph company. Gov. Dennison, when postmaster general, recommended to congress the establishment of a postal telegraph department, and said that he found nine-tenths of the congressmen had telegraph numbers on annual cards, and that with such backing the president and his cabinet did not like to press the subject. The passage of free passes to our lawmakers and judiciary is bold bribery of hideous proportions. It corrupts the very source of all our rights under the constitution. It is subversive of morality and good government. It has no defenders and no defense. Laws can not control it, for it controls the law. The remedy is only where most remedies must come from—through the ballot. If every voter should see to it that each candidate publicly promises never to solicit, accept, or use a pass, this evil will at once be suppressed and a higher plane of public morals attained.

Somnambulism Extraordinary.

A remarkable case of somnambulism is reported from Tramore in the country of Waterford. A young man evidently a tourist, engaged a room at the Railway Hotel there and retired to rest. About 8 o'clock in the morning some night stragglers saw a man in his shirt holding a lighted candle raise a window on the second floor of the hotel and deliberately lowering himself from it, falling a depth of fourteen or fifteen feet. The fall apparently did not hurt him, and, with the candle still lighted in his hand, he walked into the town and knocked at a door.

Here he returned to consciousness, and was provided with shoes, hat and an old coat. So dressed he walked to the police barrack and knocked for admission. The sergeant who had charge of the station finding the plight the man was in provided him with clothing and refreshments. Serg. Tyrrell then made inquiries at the hotel, where he found the young man's luggage, gold watch and chain, and over £15 in cash.

"What shall we do with our Daughter?" This question is asked by a well known lady lecturer. Well, we can do a great many things with them; one thing, we must take good care with their health, and not let them run down and become enfeebled. For the feminine ailments, which may be summed up in one word—debility, we have a sovereign remedy in Brown's Iron Bitters, which has done much good. Miss Mary Greenfield, of Galatia, Ill., writes, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of nervousness, indigestion and general poor health." Let the other young ladies take the hint.

Aged 117.

Here is an epitaph taken from a stone in the town of Shutesbury:

"Erected by the town of Shutesbury in memory of Ephraim Pratt, born in East Sudbury, Nov. 1, 1686, removed to Shutesbury soon after its first settlement, where he resided until he died, May 22, 1804, in his 117th year. He was remarkably cheerful in his disposition and temperate in his habits. He swang a cythe the 101 consecutive years, and mounted a horse without assistance at the age of 110 years."

Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

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## EVENTS AND BATTLES

In the Late Civil War.

JANUARY, 1861.

9th—The "Star of the West" sent to reinforce General Anderson and his command at Fort Sumpter, S. C., was fired upon from Morris Island, and obliged to return to New York.

MARCH, 1861.

The Confederate congress adopted for the flag of the Confederacy, the "stars and bars."

12th—The president declined to receive the commissioners from the Confederate states.

APRIL, 1861.

12th—An attack was made upon Fort Sumpter in the Charleston harbor.

19th—The president declared the southern ports blockaded.

19th—The Sixth regiment of Massachusetts were mobbed in Baltimore on their passage to Washington.

JUNE, 1861.

10th—The battle of Big Bethel, Va.

17th—The battle of Booneville, Mo.

JULY, 1861.

6th—The battle of Carthage, Mo.

11th—The battle of Rich Mountain, W. Va., was fought.

18th—The battle of Centerville, Va.

21st—The battle of Bull Run, Va.

21st—The first battle of Manassas Junction, Va., was fought.

AUGUST, 1861.

5th—The battle of Athens, Mo.

10th—The battle of Wilson's Creek, Mo., was fought.

SEPTEMBER, 1861.

10th—The battle of Cornifex Ferry, W. Va., took place.

OCTOBER, 1861.

8th—Fort Pickens, Santa Rosa Island, Florida, was attacked by Confederates.

21st—The battle of Ball's Bluff, Pa.

NOVEMBER, 1861.

1st—Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was made Commander-in-Chief.

7th—The battle of Belmont, Miss.

7th—An expedition captured Fort Walker on Hilton Head, S. C., and Fort Beauregard on the Broad River.

19—The English mail-boat Trent was boarded by Captain Wilkes, of the San Jacinto, and the Confederate commissioners. Mason and Slidell captured.

JANUARY, 1862.

1st—Messrs. Mason and Slidell were surrendered on a demand of the British government.

10th—The battle of Middle Creek, Ky.

19—The battle of Mill Spring, Ky.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

6th—Fort Henry, Tenn., surrendered to the Union forces.

8th—The battle of Roanoke Island.

14th—The battle of Newbern, N. C.

MARCH, 1862.

7th and 8th—Battle of Pea Ridge Ark.

8th—The Confederate ram, the Merrimac, appeared at Hampton Roads. She sank the Cumberland, captured the Congress and forced the Minnesota aground, and then returned to Norfolk.

9th—The Merrimac reappeared. The Monitor, Lieutenant Worden, had arrived, engaging the ram, forced her back to Norfolk.

10th—Manassas Junction, Virginia, was evacuated by the Confederates.

23—The battle of Winchester, Va.

APRIL, 1862.

19th and 7th—The battle of Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee, was fought.

7th—Island No. 19, in the Mississippi, surrendered.

9th—The battle of Shiloh was fought.

11th—Fort Pulaski near Savannah, surrendered.

12th—Yold was first quoted at a premium.

MAY, 1862.

1st—The army captured New Orleans.

3d—The battle of Chancellorsville.

5th—The battle of Williamsburg, Va.

25th—The battle of Winchester, Va.

27th—The battle of Cold Harbor, Va.

28th—Commodore Farragut, who had run the blockade at Vicksburg, began to bombard the city. John Morgan, with a Confederate force, raided through Ohio.

29th—Battle of Savage's station, Va.

30th—The battle of Frazier's Farm.

JULY, 1862.

1st—The battle of Malvern Hill, Va.

AUGUST, 1862.

5th—The battle of Baton Rouge, La.

18th—The battle of Cedar Mountain, Va.

23d—A general battle with Gen. Pope's forces took place.

29th—The battle of Groveton, Va.

30th—A battle at Manassas, Va.

30th—The battle of Richmond, Ky.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

1st—The battle of Ox Hill, Va.

1st—The battle of Chantilly, Va.

14th—The battle of South Mountain, Md.

15th—Harper's Ferry was captured by the Confederates.

17th—The battle of Antietam, Md.

17th—The garrison at Munfordsville, Ky., surrendered to the confederates.

19th—The confederate forces were defeated at Inks, Miss.

22d—President Lincoln issued a proclamation abolishing slavery in the southern states, unless they returned to the union before January 1, 1863.

OCTOBER, 1862.

3d—The battle of Corinth, Mississippi.

8th—The battle of Perryville, Ky.